

# The Mirror

OF

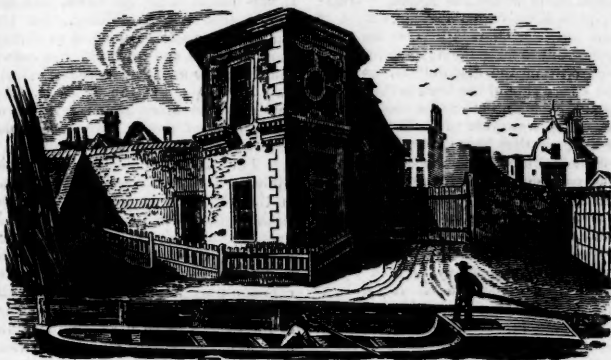
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT. AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 516.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1831.

[PRICE 2d.

UXBRIDGE.



LODGE OF THE TREATY HOUSE.



THE GEORGE INN.

THE above cuts are associated with one of the most memorable periods of our history.

The town of Uxbridge is well known as the place where a long and unsuccessful effort was made by King Charles I. and his Parliament, to bring their differences and mutual grievances, to an amicable adjustment.

The 30th. of January 1645 was the time, and Uxbridge was the place appointed for this important and interesting discussion. Sixteen commissioners

for the King, and sixteen for the Nation, including four from the Parliament of Scotland, were nominated, to take into consideration the grievances of which each party complained, and to propose those remedies that might be mutually agreeable. The principal heads of discussion were Religion,—the Militia,—and Ireland. It was agreed, that these articles should be discussed in conference. The Commissioners for the king with their attendants, amounted in all to one hundred and eight.

The Lord Chancellor Clarendon\* gives the following interesting particulars of this singular negotiation:—

"About the end of January, or the beginning of February, the Commissioners on both sides met at Uxbridge; which being within the Enemy's Quarters, the King's Commissioners were to have such accommodations, as the other thought fit to leave them; who had been very civil in the distribution, and left one entire side of the town to the King's Commissioners, one house only excepted, which was given to the Earl of Pembroke; so that they had no cause to complain of their accommodation; which was as good as the town would yield, and as good as the other had. There was a good house at the end of the town, which was provided for the treaty, where was a fair room in the middle of the house, handsomely dressed up for the commissioners to sit in; a large square table being placed in the middle with seats for the commissioners, one side being sufficient for those of either party; and a rail for others who should be thought necessary to be present, which went round. There were many other rooms on either side of this great room, for the commissioners on either side to retire to, when they thought fit to consult by themselves, and to return again to the public debate; and there being good stairs at either end of the house, they never went through each other's quarters; nor met, but in the great room."

"As soon as the King's Commissioners came to the town, all those of the parliament came to visit and to welcome them; and, within an hour, those of the King's return'd their visits with usual civilities; each professing great desire and hope, that the treaty would produce a good peace. The first visits were altogether, and in one room; the Scots being in the same room with the English. Each party eat always together, there being two great inns which served very well to that purpose. The Duke of Richmond, being steward of his Majesty's house kept his table there for all the King's commissioners: nor was there any restraint from giving and receiving visits apart, as their acquaintance, and inclinations disposed them; in which those of the King's party used their accusom'd freedom, as heretofore. But on the other side, there was great wariness and reservedness; and so great jealousy of each other, that they had no mind to give, or receive visits to, or

from their old friends; whom they loved better than their new. Nor would any of them be seen alone with any of the King's commissioners, but had always one of their companions with them, and sometimes one whom they least trusted. It was observ'd by the town, and the people that flocked thither, that the King's commissioners looked as if they were at home and govern'd the town; and the other as if they were not in their own quarters; and the truth is, they had not that alacrity and serenity of mind, as men use to have who do not believe themselves to be in a fault."

"The King's commissioners would willingly have performed their devotions in the church, nor was there any restraint upon them for doing so, that is by inhibition from the parliament, otherwise than that by the parliament's ordinance (as they call'd it) the book of common prayer was not permitted to be read, nor the vestures, nor ceremonies of the church to be used. So that the days of devotion were observed in their great room of the inn; whither many of the country and the train of the commissioners, and other persons, who came every day from London, usually resorted."

At length the commissioners found that it was utterly vain to attempt an accommodation. The King was resolute in his demands for the establishment of Episcopacy. His alternatives were Episcopacy or war; and the Parliament were equally resolute, and perhaps more violent, in demanding the abolition of every thing that had the semblance of an approximation to popery. The debates at Uxbridge continued about three weeks, when the commissioners mutually agreed to separate, and to return to their respective authorities. The King's commissioners went to their master at Oxford, and the Parliamentary returned to London, leaving the state of things in general rather worse than better, and having their own minds more exasperated by the exorbitant demands, which each thought the other had made.

The mansion in which the treaty was carried on is built of brick, and situated at the western extremity of the town, and is still known by the name of the Treaty-house, Place, or Place-house. It is described in "Perfect Occurrences," (a public journal of the day,) as "a very fair house, at the farthest end of the town, in which house were appointed them a very spacious room, well hang'd and fitted with seats for the Commissioners." This house, which was then considerably larger than at

\* See History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars, vol. ii. 444—446. Ox. ed. 1707.

present, stood in the centre of a large garden. The high road now passes through nearly the middle of the grounds. "It was formerly the seat of the Bennets. Leonora, Lady Bennet, died there in 1638." At the time of the treaty it was called Mr. Carr's house. "In 1689 it became the property of Wentworth Garneys, Esq. whose co-heirs, in 1724, making a partition of his property, this house fell to the share of Charles Gostlin, Esq." (who married one of his daughters,) "having been then lately in the occupation of Sir Christopher Abdy, Knight, deceased. After Sir Christopher Abdy's death it was many years the residence of Doctor Thorold." It is now stuccoed, and having undergone considerable alterations, has for some years been used as an inn, called the Crown Inn. Two of the principal rooms remained lined with old wainscot, curiously carved and nearly in their original state. The most spacious of these is said to be that in which the Commissioners met; the other was till lately called the Presence Chamber. The first Engraving represents the "Lodge to the Treaty-house."

Besides the house of Mr. Carr, which was appropriated to the public meeting, and in which the Earl of Northumberland was quartered, there was "another fair house" near it, in which the Earl of Pembroke is said to have been quartered. This house was described as a capital old mansion; and is called the Brew-house or the Beer-house, and is now the property of Thomas Avery, Esq. and in his occupation. Each party had its place of rendezvous, and the best houses of the inhabitants were put in requisition for the accommodation of the commissioners and their attendants. Each party took a principal inn for their head-quarters. The King's commissioners chose the Crown, and the Parliamentary, the George, which were both near the market-place, and nearly opposite to each other. The house formerly called the Crown stood opposite the house now called the White Horse Inn. The parts which remain have long since been used as private houses.

The *George Inn* (See the second Engraving) still remains, though it has been greatly diminished. A portion has been taken off either end in the main street, and converted into two good dwelling-houses with shops; the one on the eastern end is now occupied by Mr. Handy, and that on the western by Mr. Basset. The whole is still under

one roof. The interior has been much altered. The panelled wainscotting and some old carving formerly to be seen in several rooms, is removed. This estate is the property of Samuel Salter, Esq. of Rickmersworth, Herts. The house was considerably larger than now appears. There still remains, notwithstanding all the alterations that have been made, one spacious room which was formerly used for many years as a dissenting place of worship, and the County-Court is still held in it. Though the inn appears now but as a second-rate house, yet, a very slight inspection of the premises would show that they were able to afford ample accommodation to the Parliamentary commissioners. There is at the present day stabling for upwards of sixty horses. Many of the rooms are turned into corn lofts, and the whole appearance is materially changed from what it must have been at the time of the treaty.

It appears, therefore, that at the Treaty House the *parties met*. The present George Inn was the place where the Parliamentary Commissioners sojourned; the abode of the King's Commissioners exists no longer as an Inn.

We have extracted these particulars from a very respectable history of Uxbridge, published there a few years since. To the same source are we indebted for the original of the first Engraving. The second is from a sketch by a zealous correspondent at Windsor. We visited Uxbridge a few weeks since, and found all the accommodations of the George Inn to the letter. There is, however, a sad lack of carved and paneled work in the premises. The large room before spoken of as the rendezvous of the County Court is also appropriated to still more social assemblages. There scores of jovial souls meet ever and anon, (for Uxbridge, like every other country-town, has its choice spirits,) to quaff away their cares, and blow adrift life's troubles in a cloud of smoke. We ungratefully forget whether Uxbridge is famed for ale; we know it is for malt, but then the river Colne and the Grand Junction Canal are hard by. The obliging person who showed us the large room said something too about Harmonic Meetings: it is to be hoped the Parliamentary Commissioners were as harmonious there as are the occasional occupants in our times.

#### THE WINNING OF CALES.

THE city of Cadiz (called by our sailors, corruptly, *Cales*) was taken by the Bri-

tish on June 21, 1596, in a descent made on the coast of Spain, under the command of the Lord Howard, admiral, and the Earl of Essex, general.

The valour of Essex was not more distinguished on this occasion than his generosity. The town was carried sword in hand; but he stopt the slaughter as soon as possible, and treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity, and even affability and kindness. The English made a rich plunder in the city, but missed of a much richer, by the resolution which the Duke of Medina, the Spanish admiral, took, of setting fire to the ships, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It was computed, that the loss which the Spaniards sustained from this enterprise amounted to 20,000,000 of ducats.

The Earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise to the following sarcasm:—

A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Wales,  
And a laird of the north countree;  
But a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent  
Will buy them out all three.

(From *Percy's Reliques*, 1812, vol. 2, p. 252.)

#### MOUNTAIN SCENES.

(For the Mirror.)

THESE scenes are gorgeous:—lowering o'er the dell,

The mountain rears its lurid crest of pines,  
And bluely leaps the torrent from its source  
Along the verdant slopes, and scatter'd far  
Are rural homes, to which the sunny vine  
Clings with its varied loveliness of fruit.  
These scenes are lone, but they are beautiful;  
And Fancy, in the sunset bush, might shape  
Her loftiest thoughts amid their majesty  
Of hill and rock stupendous:—o'er the flow'rs  
The bees hum music to the breathless winds,  
And from the bank the tuneful fountain falls  
In rills of sparkling silver; o'en the trees  
Which seem enthron'd upon the rugged steep,  
Are oft enchanted by the songs of birds,  
Made sweeter when the balmy air is fill'd  
With sounds of distant bells;—such are the scenes—

I call them beautiful!

These mountain scenes! upon their brows  
The sun displays his regal crest,  
And flush'd with light the clouds repose  
Above the eagle's mossy nest,  
And as the winds are borne along,  
They seem like lutes instinct with song.

These mountain scenes! the air is fraught  
With incense from their beauteous flow'rs,  
With sounds of dying music brought  
Where balmy rills descend in show'rs,  
And many an old tree glimpsing through  
The skies reveal their summer blue.

These mountain scenes, their homes are bright  
With rich vines clustering on the wall,  
And kindred spirits there unite  
When twilight dews around them fall,

And softly rising from afar,  
They hail with joy each crystal star.

The ruined castles interspersed  
Amid the pines that shade the vale,  
Are stained with bloody feuds rehearsed  
At evening in some oral tale;  
But still the ivy mantles o'er  
The walls that rang with shouts of yore.

Oh, glorious in their majesty  
Of rocks, and pines, and castles proud,  
And skies that seem a fairy sea,  
Magnificent with many a cloud,  
These mountain scenes attest the might  
Of him who said—"Let there be light!"

G. R. C.

#### THE CHINESE DECALOGUE.

*The Holy Admonitions of Wan-chang  
Te-heung (the God of Letters.)*

THE Ten Precepts composed at the window shaded by the Plantain-tree:—

I. Beware of lasciviousness:

Not having seen, you should not think of.

When seeing, there should be no irregularity.

Having seen, there should be no remembrance.

With respect to virgins and widows, be particularly guarded.

II. Beware of wicked thoughts:

Do not harbour a dangerous thought.  
Do not put forth an irregular thought.

Do not remember resentment unalloyed.

Do not look on gain and covet it.

Do not see ability and envy it.

III. Beware of errors of the mouth:

Do not speak of women.

Do not meddle with clandestine affairs.

Do not publish people's defects.

Do not change what you have said.

Do not make loose songs.

Do not revile the sages.

Be most cautious with respect to superior, relations, and the dead.

IV. Beware of sloth:

Do not go to sleep early and rise late.

Do not neglect your own field and plough your neighbour's.

Do not run too fast after gain.

Do not learn to do that from which there is no advantage.

Be most on your guard against having the body present, but mind absent.

V. Beware of throwing away characters.

Do not with old books roll up parcels, nor paste the windows.

Do not with useless papers boil tea, or rub the table.

Do not blot good books.

Do not write at random against the doors and walls.

Do not destroy a rough copy.

Do not throw away writing on the road, or in a filthy place.

VI. Pay due respect to the relations subsisting amongst men :

Kindness is the principal duty of a father.

Respect is the principal duty between a prince and his minister.

Brothers should mutually love.

A friend should speak the truth.

A husband and wife should mutually agree : they should be particularly careful to show respect.

VII. Cleanse the ground of the heart.

Consider the doctrines of the ancients to regulate the heart.

Sit in a retired place, and call home the heart.

Be sparing of wine and pleasure, and purify the heart.

Reject selfish desires, and purify the heart. It is particularly requisite, to understand the utmost reasons of things, to illuminate the heart.

VIII. Establish a good manner.

Be diligent in business, and attentive to your words.

Let your intentions be exalted, but your manners humble—(Literally, "Let your mind be high, but your body low.")

Be bold, yet careful—(Literally, "Let your liver be great and your heart little.")

Rescue men from present errors, and follow the ancients.

Reject the depraved, and revert to the upright.

Study the sages' nine topics of study :

1. When you look, study to see clearly.

2. When you listen, study to hear fully.

3. In your countenance, study to be placid.

4. In your appearance, study to be venerable.

5. In your words, study to be faithful.

6. In business, study to be respectful.

7. In cases of doubt, study to inquire.

8. In anger, study to recollect the difficulties in which you may be involved.

9. In what you acquire, study to be just.

Venerate the three things which the sages venerate :

1. Venerate Heaven's decrees.

2. Venerate magistrates.

3. Venerate the sayings of the sages : Be careful not to regard every thing that is said.

IX. Be attentive to your intercourse with a friend :

Be not inattentive from first to last.

Let your inside and outside be the same.

Do not make a difference between the noble and the ignoble.

Living or dying, be the same.

Let the meritorious and defective mutually advise.

Reject (the ancients) E. and Hwuy, and serve Chung-ne (Confucius).

Reject the dissipated and boisterous, and associate with the moderate and upright.

You should establish yourself as a friend, whom ten thousand ages may imitate.

X. Widely diffuse instruction and renovation :

When you meet with superiors, discourse of right reason.

When you meet with equals, speak of the rewards of good actions.

Print a number of good books.

Speak much of good actions.

You should particularly oppose the erroneous, and venerate the true, in order to defend my doctrines.

W. G. C.

#### PROMETHEUS.

WHAT sovereign good shall satiate man's desires,

Propell'd by Hope's unconquerable fires !

Vain each bright bauble by ambition prized ;

Unwon, 'tis worshipp'd—but possess'd, despised,

Yet all defect with virtue shines allied,

His mightiest impulse genius owes to pride,

From conquer'd science graced with glorious spoils,

He still dares on, demands sublimer toils,

And, had not nature check'd his vent'rous wing,

His eye had pierc'd her at her primal spring.

Thus, when enwrought, Prometheus strove to trace

In forced perceptions of celestial grace,

The Ideal Spirit, fugitive as wind,

Art's forceful spell in adamant confined :

Curved with nice chisel floats the obsequious line ;

From stone unconscious, beauty beams divine :

On magic poised, the exulting structure swims,

And spurns attraction with elastic limbs.

While ravished fancy vivifies the form,

While judgment toils to analyze its charm ;

While admiration spreads her speaking hands,

The lofty artist undelighted stands.

He longs to ravish from the bleas'd abodes

The seal of heaven, the attribute of gods ;

To give us labour more than man can give,

Breathe Jove's own breath, and bid the marble live !

Won from her woof, embellishing the skies,

Descending, Pallas soothes her vot'ry's sighs,

Where, 'midst the twilight of o'erarching groves,

By waking visions led, the enthusiast roves ;

Like summer sun, by showery clouds conceal'd,

With sudden blaze the goddess shines revealed.

Behold, she cries, in thy distinguish'd cause,  
I challenge Jove's inexorable laws!  
With life-stol'n essence let the awaken'd stone  
A super human generation own.  
Defrauded nature shall admire the deed,  
And time recoil at thy immortal meed.

Impregn'd with action, and convoked to breathe,  
Sighs the still form his ardent hands beneath;  
Electric lustres flash from either eye,  
O'er its pale cheeks suffusive flushes fly,  
And glossy damps its clustering curls adorn,  
Like dew-drops brightening on the brows of morn.

Through nerves that vibrate in unfolding chains,  
Foams the warm life blood, excavating veins;  
'Till all infused, and organized the whole,  
The finished fabric bails the breathing soul!  
Then waked tumultuous in th' alarmed breast,  
Contending passions claim the eternal guest.  
And still, as each alternate empire proves,  
She hopes, she fears, she envies, and she loves;  
Owus all sensations that deride the span,  
And eternize the little life of man!

### GALT'S "LIFE OF BYRON."

(To the Editor.)

I HAVE been lately perusing Mr. Galt's biography of Lord Byron, which I find to be a pleasing picture of that eccentric, but highly-gifted being's powers. There is, however, one obscurity and error of detail, in page 33, which I will take the liberty of noticing, that it may be rectified in another edition.

Speaking of the talented mother of the late Earl of Carlisle (who was Lord Byron's guardian), he thus writes:—"His mother was a sister of the homicidal lord, and possessed some of the family peculiarity. She was endowed with great talent, and in her latter days she exhibited great singularity. She wrote beautiful verses, and piquant epigrams; among others there is a poetical effusion of her pen addressed to Mrs. Greville, on her 'Ode to Indifference,' which at that time was much admired, and has been, with other poems of her ladyship, published in 'Pearch's Collection.' After moving for a long time as one of the most brilliant orbs in the sphere of fashion, she suddenly retired, and, like her morose brother, shut herself up from the world. While she lived in this seclusion, she became an object of the sportive satire of the late Mr. Fox, who characterized her as

'Carlisle recluse in pride and rage.'

I have heard a still courser apostrophe by the same gentleman. It seems they had quarrelled; and on his leaving her in the drawing-room, she called after him—that he might go about his busi-

ness, for she did not care *two* skips of a louse for him. On coming to the hall, finding pen and ink on the table, he wrote *two* lines in answer, and sent it up to her ladyship, to the effect that she always spoke of what was running in her head."

Now, Mr. Editor, it is evident that Mr. G., like most men of highly ornamental talents, possesses a frail memory. The facts are these: that the piquant impromptu which emanated from the mind of our British Demosthenes on this occasion consisted of four lines, instead of two; and it being so admirably pointed, I will quote it:—

"A lady has told me, and in her own house,  
She does not regard me three skips of a louse;  
I forgive the dear creature whate'er she has said,  
For women will talk of what runs in their head."

By the by, I have heard these caustic lines were meant to apply to the late Mrs. Montagu, the learned commentator upon Shakspeare. Pray let some better informed correspondent settle this point.

The anecdote Mr. G. gives of Lord Byron sparring upon the day of his mother's funeral, I trust, is discoloured with untruth: it shows a hardness of heart which no logic can extenuate; and is worse than Mr. Hayley calling up the abstracted powers of his muse, by writing a sonnet to his son's memory a few hours after he was consigned to earth.

The Author of  
"A Tradesman's Lays."

### THE GRAVE OF CHURCHILL.

(For the Mirror.)

The remains of the Poet, Churchill, are deposited in an obscure and neglected burial-ground at Dover.

"No marble marks his couch of lowly sleep."

"I stood beside the grave of him who blazed  
The comet of a season, and I saw  
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed  
With not the less of sorrow than of awe  
On that neglected turf and quiet stone."

BYRON.

No fane displays its gorgeous brow  
Above the poet's lonely tomb,  
But cloudless skies around it glow,  
And balmy flow'rs upon it bloom.

And sweeter far than mourner's sighs  
Stealing like winds around the rose,  
The peaceful hymns of children rise,  
At evening's calm and silent close.

And yonder cliffs that proudly rear  
Their forms sublime above the tide,  
Shall brave the storms from year to year,  
And seem his monument of pride.

Oh, may the evening's gentlest hush  
Around his humble grave repose,  
And morning's lustre o'er it flush  
The clouds with beauty like the rose.



And thus the bard may sleep unknown  
In some obscure, untrodden spot;  
And where his splendid genius shone,  
His name perchance may be forgot!

G. R. C.

## The Selector; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

### DELIGHTS OF FASHION.

THE following description of the behaviour of a gentleman waiting for his wife and his dinner, half-jealous, and half-hungry, is from Mrs. Gore's novel *Pin Money*.

"Already the roar of carriages, proclaiming the springtide of the ocean of fashion, began to subside into the occasional rumble which announces the desertion of the dusty streets for the still more dusty park; while the swift glancing of the cabriolet or tilbury, conveying the select vestry of the great world from their refuge in St. James's-street to the homes rendered dear to their hearts by a vicinity to the stables, evinced that the duties of the day must now assume an equestrian form. The melodious tinkle of the postman's bell echoed from the distant wilds of Hanover-square, like the sound of a heifer straying from its herd in the lonely pastures of Appenzel; while the ingenuous youths of Gunter and Grange were seen depositing, at successive areas, certain small round pails, such as might have graced the dairies of that lactescent district. To the mind of Sir Brooke Rawleigh, however, they conveyed only a remote announcement of the hour when the steaming Moselle and the flashing Champagne are produced from those icy receptacles to paralyze the human frame—the hour when cutlets are eaten and domestic feuds forgotten.

"Still no britschka appeared! A second time the scarlet uniform of the letter-man was seen scudding along Bruton-street from the square; plainly marking out the peculiarly correspondent houses on his road, by lingering at their doors with a prolonged tintinnulation of warning.—It was six o'clock—half-past—nearly seven;—and still no britschka appeared!

"A bright thought suddenly illuminated that mind, which Sir Brooke had inadvertently proclaimed a great mind in his morning colloquy with Miss Albany. He would go and dine at his club, leaving no message for Frederica; in order that on her return from her ill-

chosen expedition, she might be distracted with doubts and anxieties equal to his own. Such are the nefarious projects which lend a charm to the preponderance of clubs in this conjugal and domestic metropolis! And if a lady's chosen retreat of leisure is to be branded with the opprobrious name of a *boudoir*, what term sufficiently expressive of sulkiness can be found to define those colossal receptacles for the infirm in temper or purpose of the male sex, where the ill-humoured are not the more sociable for being gregarious?

"I will just wait a quarter of an hour, and see!" said Sir Brooke, in that sort of anxious tone which always prognosticates a delay of two or three quarters of an hour for the extension of a man's views. But when these and more had passed away, and the house became impregnated with a savoury odour—proclaiming that the patties were burning in the oven, and the rennetes on the stove—while Martin more than once introduced his rueful visage into the room with an inquiry, "whether dinner was to be served?"—he could no longer master his patience sufficiently to stay and watch the issue; but replying with mysterious ambiguity, that he did not dine at home, the injured man stalked out of the house,—taking his way towards Bond-street, at a rate of speed which rivalled that of his lettered predecessor. But Thomas, who was once more on the watch for his departure, no longer predicted any mischief from the Serpentine River;—his master had forfeited all romantic interest in his eyes by having returned with avidity to the cold fowl;—the experienced footman felt assured that the hour which flavours the aristocratic atmosphere of the West-end with an aroma of *vol-d-vents* and *purées*, such as in itself might almost dine a pauper, was not likely to be selected by a man of taste for *selo-de-se*! It is remarkable, that the feeding hour, which so fiercely animates the instincts of the brute creation, only serves to tame down the energies of those equally carnivorous animals who are addicted to the stew-pan and the gridiron. A dinner-bell, which becomes a tocsin to the passions of the Exeter 'Change, is as soothing as Dante's '*aquila di lontano*,' to the ears whose appurtenant eyes and mouths are accustomed to feast on the scientific compounds of Ude or Dolby.

"Having ordered his dinner immediately on emerging from the mighty portico into the mighty vestibule of the mighty pile, destined to assemble in daily congregation a couple of hundred

pigmies of the fashionable Lilliput, Sir Brooke Rawleigh proceeded to beguile the interval of culinary preparation in the most abstruse chair of the most occult corner of the reading-room—at that hour nearly deserted; and as he ensconced himself within the profound shadow of a half-closed *jalousie*, he became invisible to all comers; with the exception of a little old gentleman, with a short pig-tail and a long nose, with whom he was only acquainted by name, who sat opposite wondering by what catoptrical process the honourable member sheltered behind the main-sheet of the vast Times newspaper, could manage to decipher its mysteries in a reversed position. Sir Brooke had, in fact, visited on this occasion the club he was least in the habit of frequenting; and he had the honour of being mistaken by his elderly critic for the learned Dr. Brewster.

#### SILK MANUFACTURE.

(From Vol. XXII of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*.)

##### *Consumption of Silk.*

THE quantity of this material used in England alone amounts in each year to more than four millions of pounds weight, for the production of which, myriads upon myriads of insects are required. Fourteen thousand millions of animated creatures annually live and die to supply this little corner of the world with an article of luxury! If astonishment be excited at this fact, let us extend our view into China, and survey the dense population of its widely-spread region, whose inhabitants, from the emperor on his throne to the peasant in the lowly hut, are indebted for their clothing to the labours of the silkworm. The imagination, fatigued with the flight, is lost and bewildered in contemplating the countless numbers, which every successive year spin their slender threads for the service of man.

##### *Improvement in Silk-Throwing Machinery.*

THE French and Italian throwsters are still contented if their spindles revolve 300 to 400 times in each minute, while ours are performing commonly 1,800, and sometimes even 3,000 gyrations in the same space of time. Our French rivals are fully aware how greatly the English throwsters are in advance of them in this particular, but have not the same inducement that exists in this country to incur a heavy first expense in alterations, that they may secure a pro-

spective advantage. The wages paid in Lyons to men employed in silk-mills does not average more than six shillings and sixpence per week; and the earnings of women and girls, who form five-sixths of the number of hands employed, scarcely exceed three shillings per week, for which pittance the whole are required to labour fourteen hours *per diem*.

##### *Improvement in Riband Weaving.*

THE Coventry weavers have made so very marked an improvement in their art, since the legalized importation of foreign manufactured silks, that one of the most eminent manufacturers of that city has declared he should, at this day, blush for the work which even his best hands used formerly to furnish; that now their patterns and productions are fully equal to those of their foreign rivals, and qualified to come into successful competition with the most beautiful ribands wrought by the Lyonnese weavers.

##### *Antiquity of Figure Weaving.*

THIS interesting art is of very ancient invention, and appears to have been practised by the Egyptians at a very early period. Herodotus speaks of a curious breast-plate or cuirass, covered with linen, which was sent by King Amasis to the Lacedæmonians, and which was highly ornamented with numerous figures of animals woven into its texture. The historian adds, that each of its apparent threads was actually composed of 300 filaments, which under a careful examination, were all distinctly visible.

##### *Silk a protection against Infection.*

A silk covering of the texture of a common handkerchief is said to possess the peculiar property of resisting the noxious influence, and of neutralizing the effects of malaria. If, as is supposed, the poisonous matter is received into the system through the lungs, it may not be difficult to account for the action of this very simple preventive; it is well known that such is the nature of malaria poison, that it is easily decomposed by even feeble chemical agents. Now it is probable that the heated air proceeding from the lungs, may form an atmosphere within the veil of silk, of power sufficient to decompose the miasma in its passage to the mouth, although it may be equally true, that the texture of the silk covering may act mechanically as a non-conductor, and prove an impediment to the transmission of the deleterious substance.



*Imperishable Nature of Silk.*

SOME years ago, the sexton of the parish of Falkirk, in Stirlingshire, upon opening a grave in the churchyard, found a riband wrapped about the bone of an arm, and which, being washed, was found to be entire, and to have suffered no injury, although it had lain for more than eight years in the earth, and had been in contact with a body which had passed through every stage of putrefaction, until it was reduced to its kindred dust.

**Retrospective Cleanings.****LORD MAYOR'S SHOWS.**

"Four-and-twenty Lord Mayor's Shows all on a row."—SONG.

A FEW months since, we received from Mr. Nichols a pamphlet of Accounts of London Pageants, with the Court and City Glories of the last six centuries. The huge town was then rife with expectation of a Royal Banquet in Guildhall, a Water Pageant to London Bridge, many were grievously sore at the idea of a dinnerless Coronation; and in our catering to gratify the public taste on these matters, with the dinner we lost sight of Mr. Nichols's pamphlet. For weeks it lay snugly between two drab-covered Magazines, whose insides are as dull as their wrappers, till the proximity of Lord Mayor's Day once more reminded us of Mr. Nichols; we drew his little book from the lifeless embrace of the Magazines,—and, here it is.

These Pageants consist of Royal Processions and Entertainments in the City of London, and Lord Mayor's Pageants, chiefly extracted from contemporary writers. Such matters are among the olden glories of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which has accordingly furnished some of the recent accounts. The earlier descriptions are from the Chroniclers; one of them is the Coronation of Queen Anne Boleyn, from Hall, which we hope Mr. C. Kemble has followed in the revival of the above Pageant in Shakspeare's Play of Henry VIII., now performing at Covent Garden Theatre. Mr. Nichols has introduced a cut of the queen's device—a white Falcon, crowned, upon a root of gold, environed with red and white roses, which we expect to see in the Covent Garden representation. In the Procession of Edward VI. through London, the day before his Coronation, Mr. Nichols has quoted from Leland, the then "God save the King."

**"THE SONG.**

King Edward, King Edward,  
God save King Edward,  
God save King Edward,  
King Edward the Sixth!  
To have the sword,  
His subjects to defend,  
His enemies to put down,  
According to right in every town;  
And long to continue  
In grace and virtue,  
Unto God's pleasure  
His Commons to rejoice;  
Whom we ought to honour, to love, and to dread  
As our most noble King  
And Sovereign Lord.  
Next under God, of England and Ireland the  
Supreme Head;  
Whom God hath chosen  
By his mercy so good.  
Good Lord; in Heaven to Thee we sing  
Grant our noble King to reign and spring,  
From age to age  
Like Solomon the sage,  
Whom God preserve in peace and verve,  
And safely keep him from all danger.\*

On this occasion too we are told that Temple Bar was painted and fashioned with battlements and buttresses of various colours, richly hung with cloth of arras, and garnished with fourteen standards of flags. There were eight French trumpeters blowing their trumpets, and a pair of regals with children singing to the same. On the entry of King Philip into London, in 1554, "at St. Paul's there was, as usual, a tumbler who slid down on a rope tied to the battlements, having his head foremost, and neither staying himself hand nor foot; but it shortly after cost him his life." Charles I. had rather an uncomfortable visit from the dispersion of "some seditious libels," although he created the Lord Mayor a Baronet, knighted five other Aldermen, and the two Sheriffs, and gave them a dinner at Hampton Court. The Parliament in 1641-42 had no Pageantry in Cheapside; but, in its place we are told that the visitors were "diverted by a great bonfire of Popish trumpery, and other superstitious stuff." Charles II. made several visits, and no man enjoyed them better; but the citizens in his time, as in 1830, had a disappointment; thus, 1662—

"On Lord Mayor's Day, the king forebore to go to the place prepared for him in Cheapside, 'being advertised of some disturbance;' but he was shortly afterwards entertained by the Lord Mayor at the Hall of his Company, the Clothworkers."

Charles's love of good things overcame his other feelings. He went, with his queen, to the City, on Lord Mayor's Day, 1681, and having viewed the show,

\* As the arrangement of the lines in the Collectanea is very obscure, some slight transposition has been attempted; but by no means with confidence that the song is thus restored to its original form.

the Sheriffs conducted him to Guildhall to dinner.

"On these Sheriffs, Thos. Pilkington and Samuel Shute, Esqrs. who were Whigs, and chosen in opposition to the Court, the King did not bestow the usual honour of knighthood; on the contrary, on accepting the City invitation, he had not hesitated to show his dislike of them, in the following reply: 'Mr. Recorder, An invitation from my Lord Mayor and the City is very acceptable to me; and, to show that it is so, notwithstanding that it is brought to me by messengers so unwelcome to me as those two Sheriffs are, yet I accept it.'"

The last occasion of the King and Queen being present at the Lord Mayor's Feast was in 1761; of this there is a nice account from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the time.

But it is time to conclude with a few notes from the Lord Mayor's Pageants, and our thanks to Mr. Nichols for his very interesting and well-timed publication:—

"Until the middle of the 18th century, it was considered as an indispensable duty of an Alderman belonging to any other Company to be translated into one of the Twelve before he entered into the office of Lord Mayor. Thus, in 1677, Sir John Davis was translated from the Stationers to the Drapers; and in 1732 Alderman Barber from the Stationers to the Goldsmiths. In 1755, Alderman Janssen was the first who filled that high office as a Stationer; as since his time, have eight other Aldermen—Wright in 1785; Gill in 1788; Boydell in 1790; Domville in 1814; Magnay in 1822; Venables in 1826; Crowder in 1829; and Key in 1830.

"In consequence of the great Fire and the Plague the inauguration of the Chief Magistrate was for the five following years shorn of its beams. On 29th of October, 1666, the Show on the Thames was omitted, and 'Sir William Bolton, the Lord Mayor for the year ensuing, came in his coach to Westminster, attended by the Aldermen his brethren, the Sheriffs, and several eminent Citizens in their coaches.' The following year Sir William Peak, 'with the Aldermen, Sheriffs, and several Companies of the Liverymen,' returned to the old custom of going by water. In 1668 Sir William Turner and his Company also 'went in their barges.' These particulars are from the London Gazette. In 1669 and 1670, when Sir William Turner and Sir Samuel Starling were Lord Mayors, nothing is mentioned.

"1700—Sir Thomas Abney, Mayor. On this occasion there was in Cheapside five fine Pageants, and a person rode before the cavalcade in armour, with a dagger in his hand, representing Sir William Walworth, the head of the rebel Watt. Tyler being carried on a pole before him. This was the more remarkable, by reason that story has not been before represented these 40 years, none of the 'Fishmongers' Company happening to be Lord Mayor since.'"—*Post Boy*, Oct. 31.

"Sir Gilbert Heathcote was in 1711 the last Lord Mayor who rode in the civic procession on horseback."

In 1730, shortly before Lord Mayor's day, the following advertisement was inserted in the newspapers by the celebrated Orator Henley:—"At the Oratory, the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, near Clare Market, this day, being Wednesday, at six o'clock in the evening, will be a new Riding upon an old cavalcade, entitled THE CITY IN ITS GLORY, OR MY LORD MAYOR'S SHEW, explaining to all capacities that wonderful Procession, so much envy'd in Foreign Parts, and nois'd at Paris, on my Lord Mayor's day; the fine appearance and splendour of the Companies of Trades; Bear and Chain; the Trumpeters, Drums, and Cries, intermixed; the qualifications of my Lord's Horse; the whole Art and History of the City Ladies and Beaux at gape-stare in the balconies; the airs, dress, and motions; the two Giants walking out to keep holiday; like snails o'er a cabbage, says an old author, they all crept along, admired by their wives, and huzza'd by the throng."

A notice of Lord Mayor's day in 1740† will be found in the Diary of Richard Hoare, Esq., then one of the Sheriffs, privately printed in 1815 by his grandson, that munificent patron of antiquarian literature, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. "What added magnificence to this day's show was, that his Lordship [Humphrey Parsons]'s coach was drawn by six horses, adorned with grand harnesses, ribbons, &c., a sight never seen before on this occasion."

In the year 1816, on the first day of his second Mayoralty, the Right Honourable Matthew Wood, in order to gra-

\* Hone's Ancient Mysteries.

† In 1740, on the 12th of November, the anniversary of Admiral Vernon's birthday, there were bonfires and illuminations, and "at Chancery Lane end was a Pageant, whereon was represented Admiral Vernon, and a Spaniard on his knees offering him a sword; a view of Porto Bello," &c.—It will from this be perceived that the modern successors of Pageants are the transparencies exhibited on nights of illumination.

tify the populace, chose to return from Westminster by land; on which the High Steward of the City and Liberties of Westminster (Lord Viscount Sidmouth) thought proper to protest against such deviation from the usual practice, "in order that the same course may not be drawn into precedent, and adopted on any future occasion."

In 1817, the death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales having occurred three days before Lord Mayor's day, the procession was omitted.

In 1827, the Right Honourable Muttew Prime Lucas, being Alderman of Tower Ward, took water at the Tower Stairs; but a "far more attractive novelty" was something like a revival of the Pageants, in "two colossal figures representing the well known statues, Gog and Magog, of Guildhall. They were constructed of wicker work; each walked along by means of a man within, who ever and anon turned the faces; and as the figures were fourteen feet high, their features were on a level with the first floor windows. They were extremely well contrived, and appeared to call forth more admiration and applause than fell to the share of any of the other personages who formed part of the procession!"—*Times*, Nov. 10, 1827.

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

THIS Number (30) appears to be livelier, and altogether more diversified in its contents, than some recent Numbers. The criticisms on matters of literature and art seem to us cleverly written, and the strictures on the follies and vices of the day are tolerably free from prejudice. Other opinions have more of the heaven, &c., than we care to battle with; so we do not venture upon any whole paper, but cull out a few of the pleasantest things in the Number:—

#### Mr. Canning,

As an orator, and as a statesman, never reached beyond mediocrity. As an orator, he was showy, superficial, flippant, and eminently wanting in a severe and masculine taste. His orations were made up of gew-gaw patches of glittering tinsel, of sparkling epigrammatic points, and well-managed addresses to the vulgar prejudices of his vulgar audience. But his was not a generalising mind; he was incapable of examining a question, with the sole view of eliciting the

truth and acquiring knowledge, useful to other men, as well as to himself. At no time was he able to strike his own interests out of consideration, and to collect, weigh, and compare, the whole of the incidents belonging to any matter. His pretensions to general views was solely in words; he employed wide and general expressions, but nothing was evidenced thereby but a vagueness of conception, and a want of power or inclination to render that conception clear and definite; no one speech he ever uttered evinced any originality of views, or any completeness of knowledge. He, to an eminent degree, possessed the art of a rhetorician—could, with a small stock of ideas, make a great appearance of intellectual resources, could fill the ear without informing or satisfying the understanding, could mislead, though he could not instruct.

#### Patronage.

There is no patronage like public patronage. The highest inspiration with which the genius of an artist can be filled is that produced by anticipating that his work shall find entrance to the senses, move the feelings, and command the applause, of a multitude capable of appreciating its excellence. The sculptors of Greece and the painters of Italy surpassed all that have yet appeared, because they possessed this advantage in a higher degree than any other artists. They wrought for the many rather than the few; and in their case the qualifications of the many, to judge and enjoy, were raised by peculiar circumstances to an unusual height.

"Fit audience let me find, though few,"

is the prayer of the poet in a dilemma which is forced upon him, to his grief and calamity, by the existing state of society. He then rightly resolves to sacrifice the present celebrity to future fame. He will not sully his noble gifts by making them subservient to the low taste of the vulgar of his day. He creates for himself a public by the imaginary aggregation of the better spirits which shall successively exist in after-generations. He chants his song to the enlightened multitudes that shall throng around him in the Elysian fields of futurity. The very fiction shows the kind of stimulus for which his heart is craving. It indicates whence the impulse must be derived, under the power of which poet, painter, or musician, shall best glorify his art, and show what it can accomplish for human enjoyment.

*Church Music.*

"Church Music," says Dr. Crotch, "is on the decline. Sublimity is the highest walk of our art, as of every other; our art is, therefore, on the decline." This is as true as that "the age of chivalry is gone," and as much to the purpose. Dr. Crotch's own account of the change is rather singular as a description of deterioration. "Improvements have indeed been made in the contexture of the score, in the flow of melody, in the accentuation and expression of the words, in the beauty of the solo, and the delicacy of the accompaniment." This seems all very satisfactory. Such a decline must, in the course of nature, be long in coming to a fall. "But these are not indications of the *sublime*." There's the rub. Church music "has been gradually, though not imperceptibly, losing its character of sublimity ever since about the middle of the seventeenth century." The loss so much lamented by the lecturer, appears to be that of a stern, antique, and really monotonous simplicity. Simplicity is sublimity, and sublimity is height, and so we go down, down, down. The reason of this change of style is very obvious. Our church music has not been, during that period, what it was before—a vehicle for the solemn worship of Almighty God. The musicians and the worshippers have parted company; the gentlemen of the choir and organ have performed to their own praise and glory, and very much for their own exclusive gratification. To bring back the old music, we must bring back the old devotion; or there must arise a new devotion of an analogous character. Should religious feeling ever again require that peculiar mode of expression, composers will soon be found who will give it, with all the power of genius, which must else find other forms for its manifestation. The disuse of the long church-notes no more proves a decline of the art of music, than the disuse of the long Greek vowels proves a decline of the art of speech. Religion employs another language, though "still her speech is song."—Churches and chapels resound with those brisk, boisterous, and vulgar airs which indicate—that religion has exchanged her stateliness and solemnity for zeal and familiarity. The time may come when the solemnity of the expression, and the universality of the religious feeling shall be united; then the old church-music will be revived and perfected. At any rate, it is evident that psalmody is where it should be, following the course of religious feeling; if

it has descended in becoming popular, the expansion will prepare for its re-ascend, and that to a higher and more permanent elevation. The temporary degradation of the art, if such it be, and we do not deny that, which the lecturer deploras, is a proof that there is no real decline, that there is a sure tendency to advance, for that music follows the progress, the upward progress, of society and of man.

According to Dr. Crotch's notion of the sublime and beautiful, Song-music must be assigned to an inferior department of the art: it is, however, the most popular, and therefore affords the best test of decline or advance. A similar theory in poetry would rank Burns, as a ballad-monger, at the bottom of our list of bards. So let that pass. Squabbles for precedence are a folly not to be tolerated in Apollo's court. Genius is rank there, in whatever department it may have evinced its presence and its power. It may be shown in any, from the epic to the epigram—from the oratorio to the ariette; and in any, the capability, the principle, the prospect, of future progress may be unfolded.

*The Soul of Music.*

The philosophy of the human mind is the vital, immortal, and progressive principle of all sciences and arts. If it only act upon music indirectly, by means of its influence on poetry, that alone would be enough to save the art from deterioration. But it has a direct influence. All great composers, as well as all great poets, have been largely indebted to it for their pre-eminence.—Dryden understood this fact, and described it in his famous ode. The real instrument on which Timotheus played was the soul of Alexander: the lyre was only the intermediate mechanism by which he struck the chords of the conqueror's heart. He (Dryden's Timotheus that is) could have written all that is worth reading in Cogan's *Philosophy of the Passions*. The *ratio ultima* does not come out when we are told that "Love was crowned, but Music won the cause." Music won it in the strength of philosophy, without which she is only "sounding brass, or the tinkling cymbal." Haydn's Canzonets (there have been few better things since the days of Orpheus) are a case in point: they are metaphysical studies; so are very many of the compositions of Purcell, Handel, and Mozart: therefore are they immortal. This is also the secret of the power of Weber, and of Spohr. It makes their musical

science available for the production of such effects as no combination of sounds under the guidance of any inferior principal could ever have realized. The "Last Judgment" was brought out in this country with fear and trembling. It was supposed, even by those whose experience best qualified them to judge, that no audience was likely to be collected of sufficient musical acquirement to appreciate its excellence. The result was an instructive lesson to the profession: the effect was electrical: it bespoke the presence of some far higher power than that of the mere science of harmonious sound;—that science was the body, not the soul, of the performance: it was agency directed by one who might have been great as an orator, poet, or philosopher—a Jeremy Taylor in the pulpit, a Kean on the stage, a Brown in the lecture-room, or a Mirabeau in the tribune. Music needs such minds, not in the "few and far-between" way in which they have yet appeared; but as it may be hoped they will arise, when the requisite stimulus shall be applied, and the art shall be required to minister, through the senses, to the minds and hearts of intelligent multitudes.

#### Paganini.

Paganini we hold in singular estimation (may we indulge in a little excess in giving this tribute to the modern Orpheus?) from his having the merit of demonstrating that some of the old heaven remains in the world; that we are not sunk into mere copyists and repeaters; that the spirit of life is yet among us, to kindle into new and wonderful combinations the inert materials of creation. In Paganini we recognise one of the magicians, the "Ut Magii" of the olden times; and the rapture with which we hang upon his melodious eloquence, is near akin to the worship which would have made a demigod of him in the days of the antique world. Paganini possesses, besides, "a solitary and selfish advantage;" he cannot perpetuate his talent; it is inherent in his organization; it cannot be transmitted; were he, like a Druid, to bestow twenty years on a pupil, it were all in vain. Let his violin be broken on his tomb, and Paganini live, like Amphion, in the recollection of his hearers.

#### THE LATE MR. ABERNETHY.

THE influence which the name of Abernethy has with the public at large, is such as to have always created an eagerness to know what he ate and drank

himself, and what he generally recommended, as if all classes of persons, all modes of life, and all constitutions, required to be nourished upon the same plan. The absurdity of this notion has been well pointed out by Dr. Paris, in his Treatise upon Diet, in which this learned physician accommodates his precepts to individual circumstances, without laying down a general rule. The public are apt to run after systems of diet as they do after *cures* and religiously abstain from proscribed dishes and drinks, or adhere tenaciously to such as have received the stamp of approbation from some distinguished medical writer; so that any great medical authority may find it as easy to expel a certain article of diet from common use, or introduce another, as Swift did, by virtue of his name, to persuade the people that an expected eclipse of the moon was put off by order of the Dean of St. Patrick! We know an instance of Christmas turkeys and sausages having been peremptorily forbidden to enter the house again after the appearance of Sir Anthony Carlisle's imbecile book upon diet and old age; and the savoury little side-dish of minced veal, long a favourite with the lady of the house, was ordered to be discontinued, until the period arrived when she had no teeth to masticate more solid substances. At this moment the public are deceived by supposing that a certain biscuit, abhorrent to our olfactory and gustatory senses, was the favourite breakfast and luncheon of Mr. Abernethy, whose name it bears, because the honest baker who invented it was called Abernethy, as many of our northern neighbours are. We venture to affirm, no such *trash* ever entered the worthy professor's stomach, and we know that what are called *tops and bottoms* were his choice, sometimes soaked in tea, or eaten dry. Those therefore who have eaten "Abernethy biscuits" more upon principle than inclination, had better follow the example of a good old lady of our acquaintance, who took a year or two's supply of "Scott's Pills" over again, because during that period she discovered, from the result of an action at law, that she had been taking not the *real* "Scott's Pills," but sundry boxes full of a forged and spurious source of digestion, in imitation of the true Scott.

The fact is, that Mr. Abernethy was a man of common sense, with all his eccentricities and enthusiasm when upon his *hobby*, and usually fed like other people, though perhaps a little more cautiously than the generality. He used to

enforce his precepts for the benefit of those who were invalids, and such as exceeded in diet, and pointed out that which we all must acknowledge to be true, that the indulgence in luxurious living is a common vice, leads to disorders of health, and tends more or less to shorten the duration of human life.

*Metropolitan.*

## The Topographer.

### TRAVELLING NOTES IN SOUTH WALES.

*Merthyr Tydvil.*—The entrance and descent into the vale of Merthyr Tydvil on a dark night, presents a combination of the wild and the wonderful which it is difficult to describe. The immense flaming masses of coal on the coke hearths, now, if the night be stormy, bursting into tumultuous sheets of flame, now wrapt in vast and impenetrable clouds of smoke; the wild figures of the workmen in active motion with their rakes, the actors in this apparently infernal scene, like the witches of old hovering over their incantations; the brilliant flames and roaring of the blast furnaces; the confused and eternal sounds of hammers, rolling mills, and other machinery, with the lurid glow thrown over the surrounding hills and valley, all combine to impress the mind of the spectator in a powerful manner, and afford a vivid and living representation of Tartarus, or the fabled dominions of Pluto. There is certainly nothing of the kind we are acquainted with in this country, at all to be compared with it.

The public attention has recently been excited to this great seat of the iron manufacture, by the unfortunate events of last summer, which every one must deplore. It is clearly the best course for the master and his workmen, if possible, to go hand-in-hand together.

The iron-trade in the South Wales district is carried on to an immense extent. This district extends from Hirwain, in Brecon, to Pontypool, in Monmouthshire, a distance of about twenty-five miles. Many of the most extensive works, however, are concentrated about Merthyr, and an extensive mineral formation extends along the whole range. A Mr. Bacon, we believe, was the first individual who profited by the mineral riches of the district, having obtained the lease of a large tract at the rent of 200*l.* per annum. He accumulated great wealth, and about the year 1783 granted under leases of the property to various individuals, amongst whom was the well

known Mr. Crawshaw, who took Cyfarthfa at an enormous rent.

Merthyr Tydvil is situated in a valley on the north-eastern verge of the county of Glamorgan. The town has progressively risen in importance, and now contains upwards of 25,000 persons. The name originated from the massacre of Brychan, Prince of Brecon, with his daughter Tydvil and others of his family, near the site of the present town. A church was afterwards dedicated to Merthyr Tydvil, or Tydvil the Martyr. A few miles to the north east, amongst the mountains, are the shattered remains of Morlais Castle, a hill-fort of great antiquity, said to have been the residence of the princes of Brecon; it was dismantled by the parliamentary forces, during the Protectorate. The aspect of the mining and manufacturing district is necessarily dreary. Immense elevated masses of cinders and rubbish continually present themselves in traversing this mountainous region; and constant evidences of the various mining operations going on in the bosom of the hills, meet the eye on either side. From the local facilities, the minerals are obtained by driving a heading or tunnel into the interior of a hill, instead of sinking for them as in other districts, which answers both as a road for the removal of the coal and iron-ore, and also for the purposes of a drain or *adit*. The quality of the coal about Merthyr differs materially from that of Monmouthshire, which, in consequence of its bituminous nature, takes about double the time to convert to coke. The Merthyr coal is generally coked in from two to five days. The system in Wales is to form long heaps of coal placed loose to admit their swelling, and then to set it on fire in different places, covering the top with ashes after it is thoroughly ignited to prevent waste. There is an exhaustless supply of iron-stone in South Wales. It is of an argillaceous formation; and limestone, which is also abundant, is used as the flux in the blast furnace, to separate the clay from the iron-stone or *mine*, as it is technically termed. We find that it requires three tons of raw mine to produce one of pig iron; and that there is an average loss of 5 or 6 cwt, in every ton of coal in the operation of coking. Large quantities of iron ore are imported into this district from Lancashire and Cumberland. This ore is of a very rich quality, (often producing from 70 to 80 per cent of iron) and when combined with the leaver ore of South Wales materially improves the quality of the metal.



The irregular surface of the district is exceedingly favourable as a situation for iron-works. It is constantly increasing in wildness and desolation. Stumps of brushwood, scorched herbage, and blackened streams, almost everywhere attest the war of man against nature; and the hum of voice, and clanking of machinery, are often heard in what were once the wildest solitudes. The population of the iron district is very great. Some of the principal proprietors severally employ more than 3,000 individuals; and a late writer computes that the iron works in the whole district give direct occupation to 28,000 persons, exclusive of the much greater aggregate to be found in the families of the workmen and others indirectly supported in numberless ways in every thickly populated country.

The Dowlais Iron works, the property of Messrs. Guest and Co. are among the most extensive in the kingdom; there being 12 blast furnaces. Messrs. Crawshaw, at the Cyfarthfa and Hirwen works, have 13 furnaces in blast; and Thomson, Foreman, and Co., at Pen y Darran Tredegar, and Aberdare, include 16 furnaces in their works, 13 of which are in blast. There are 108 furnaces in the South Wales district, 90 of which are now working; the capital employed in these undertakings is immense. But the golden days of the iron manufacture have passed away. Like that other great staple branch of our commerce, the cotton trade, over-production has been its bane. In both cases it requires the utmost vigilance and economy to realize a close profit on the capital invested. Every one knows the enormous fortunes which have been gained in these trades. In 1825, bar iron was selling at 14*l.* per ton; in 1831, we find it reduced in price to 5*l.* 5*s.*!

The manufacture of iron in Monmouthshire, has within a few years been very greatly extended, the result of the unnatural excitation of 1825; and the annual shipments of iron from the port of Newport, actually exceed those from Cardiff by about 20,000 tons. The quantity of bar iron sent from Merthyr to Cardiff by the Glamorganshire canal in 1830, comprised 87,364 tons; 29,621 tons of which were the production of the Dowlais works; while we find the returns for the same year on the Monmouthshire canal to Newport exhibit a total of 106,000 tons.

The Glamorganshire canal, by the way, we believe has cost, first and last, nearly three times the sum, which was printed by mistake, in a recent paper of

this series of Notes. Apropos, of canals—the capital invested in these undertakings is very extensive; as an instance we may mention that the great canal from Westbromwich to Birmingham, which is about six miles in length, cost altogether upwards of 500,000*l.* sterling! and the profits have been about 80,000*l.* annually since it came into play. This gives some idea of the public works and commerce of Britain. Railroads, however, will soon annihilate canals. That magnificent and national undertaking the Manchester and Liverpool railroad, has cost about 820,000*l.*; and it has already succeeded beyond the most sanguine hopes of its projectors: 460,000 persons have passed between the two towns within twelve months after its opening, and upwards of 190,000*l.* has been received for the conveyance of passengers and goods during the same period.

The little assemblage of facts we have brought together, opens a wide scope for reflection, on the wonderful progress this country has made in a short space of time in every branch of trade and commerce. Since 1740, it appears that the iron trade has increased in extent from 17,000 to 690,000 tons; and when we come to consider the almost universal application of this most valuable of metals, in railways, in bridges, in gas-pipes, in fences, and indeed in almost every article of domestic use, we can hardly wonder at it. It is not improbable that it may be applied to the construction of ships—it will then be Britain's iron walls. Indeed some experiments have already been made. We may with truth denominate this the *iron age*.

Of all the counties of Great Britain, Glamorgan exhibits the smallest average number of deaths; one in seventy two per annum: this is a very remarkable fact, when it is considered that a large portion of its population is either engaged underground in coaleries or in copper and iron works. We formerly alluded to the pernicious effects of the coal duty; its removal, we believe, has been attended with the best effects. In the quarter ending 29th of September last, the number of vessels cleared out with cargoes from the port of Swansea, amounted to 1369, being an increase over the corresponding quarter of last year of 124 vessels.

VIVYAN.

#### NEWS FROM DUBLIN.

YESTERDAY Miss Georgina O'Griskin fell from a jaunting-car, and broke her neck but happily received no other injury.

## The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.  
SHAKESPEARE.

"WHY did Adam bite the apple?" asked a country schoolmaster of one of his scholars. "Because he had no knife," said the boy.

WHY is chronology like a palm tree?  
Because it is full of dates.

### ANCIENT FEASTING.

FEASTING (says Dr. Chamberlayne in the 15th Edition of his *Angliæ Notitia*, 1684) is not so common and profuse as anciently; for although the feasts of Coronations, at installations of Knights of the Garter, consecration of Bishops, (both now laid aside) entertainments of ambassadors, the feasts of the Lord Mayor of London, of Sergeants at Law and Readers' feasts in the Inns of Court, (also laid aside) are all very sumptuous and magnificent in these times, yet compared to the feasts of our ancestors, seem to be but niggardly and sparing; for Richard Earl of Cornwall, brother to Henry III. had at his marriage feast, as is recorded, thirty thousand dishes of meal, and King Richard II. at a Christmas feast, spent daily twenty-six oxen, three hundred sheep, besides fowl, and all other provision proportionably; so anciently at a call of Sergeants at Law, each sergeant (says Fortescue) spent sixteen hundred crowns in feasting, which in those days was more than sixteen hundred pounds now. G. K.

### DRUNKENNESS IN KINGS.

SULLY in his *Memoirs*, vol. ii., page 90, says, "that James's custom was never to mix water with his wine."

Sir Edward Peyton informs us "that when the King of Denmark (brother-in-law to James) was first in England, both kings were so drunk at Theobald's, that one king was carried in the arms of the courtiers, when one cheated another of the Bed Chamber, by getting a grant from King James, for that he would give him the best jewel in England, for a pearl of one hundred pounds he promised him; and so put King James in his arms, and carried him to his lodging, and defrauded the Bed Chamber man, who had much ado to get the king into his bed." Peyton's *Catastrophe* p. 30, 8vo. London, 1731. G. K.

### COURT NEWS.

WHEN Prince Potemkin succeeded Prince Orloff as favourite of the late

Catherine, Empress of all the Russias; Orloff met him going up the palace-stairs, that led to the Empress' apartment. Potemkin accosting him in a polite and familiar manner asked him the news of the court. Orloff replied "Nothing, but that you are going up, and I am coming down."

It was remarked by an elderly gentleman in a coffee-room one day, when it was raining very hard and the water running down the streets, that it reminded him of the General Deluge. "Zounds, sir," said an old veteran officer near him, "Who's he? I have heard of all the Generals in Europe but him."—This reminds one of the print-collector inquiring for a portrait of Admiral Noah, to illustrate Lord Byron's *Don Juan*.

A CERTAIN noble lord's footman discoursing with some of his own countrymen about the depredation of those vermin, the rats, told them his master had the best receipt in the world for destroying them. "Why, how's that," said one of them. "The easiest and cheapest imaginable," said he, "for he starves them."

DR. GREY in his erudite and entertaining notes on *Hudibras*, records the deposition of a lawyer, who, in an action of battery, told the judge that the defendant beat the client with a certain wooden instrument called an iron pestle.

### WATERING PLACES.

A YOUNG lady was lately reproaching another for not having been to any watering place. "Dear me," cried the other very innocently, "I have been three miles on the Paddington canal."

### AUTHORS,

ARE like asparagus: there is nothing good about them but their heads.

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